

Vol no 3

The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE



DECEMBER, 1912



THE CRESCENT

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Vacation on the Siu-slaw

To the eastern tenderfoot who never has walked more than a few city blocks in a day and whose chief knowledge of domestic science has been gained by watching the preparation of sundry picnic lunches and assisting in the demolition of the same, the prospect of walking unassisted from the source to the mouth of a good sized river and back again, depending in the meantime on personal ingenuity and the resources of an unknown and possible hostile country, is well calculated to make the said tenderfoot pause and ponder. However some prefer experience for a teacher even when others might be had at less expense and when other instruction might be applied with less exertion. In starting out on an extensive tour one should always provide one's self with maps and descriptive matter concerning the territory to be traversed. Even a tenderfoot knows that much. The next thing to be done and one which is of even more importance than the preceding is to secure adequate equipment for the journey. This of

course depends to a large extent upon the nature of the country to be traversed and the time to be spent as well as upon the number in the party. It is well to begin collecting this impedimenta some time before the day set for the start especially if this is the first venture. Four weeks gives one good time to get all the necessary things collected altho less time might do. However, it is almost as important that one should have time to discard the unnecessary things that are selected at first thot as to get the ones which really are needed. It was my privilege to make a careful study this summer of two individuals who were about to start on such an expedition, and the information gained was interesting and valuable. Every time either one would think of something that might be added advantageously to the equipment it would be discussed at length and a general review made of all that had been purchased or borrowed up to that time, much to the disgust of all the victimized friends who seemed to tire after a few weeks of this daily recital.

Finally the time came for the start. The outfit consisted of one army knapsack, two haversacks, a roll of bedding and a Springfield army rifle, which latter article was soon sidetracked in favor of a .22 repeater. It was feared that the former might be too destructive to the vegetation in the unknown regions. The change was a wise one. To this was added some fishing tackle which was little used. The question of food for such an expedition is important especially when the route lies thru unsettled country. As one of the members of the party lived about twenty miles south of the place where the start was to be made, it was decided to go there by rail and supply the commissary department from the family larder. This also proved to be a wise decision.

The start was made about six o'clock in the morning and the aforementioned larder was reached about three hours later. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in loading up the pack mules and securing proper arms and ammunition for the ordnance department. At last about 3 p. m. the real start was made amid many prophecies of disaster and weariness by the way together with much good advice on the one hand, and a grim determination coupled with the bliss which ignorance alone can give on the other. During that afternoon's walk more dust was encountered than during all the rest of the trip, and this gave rise to the stock expression whenever a new start was to be made—namely, "Off in a cloud of dust." This part of the trip was very ordinary and did not furnish any thrills whatever. It was merely the quite uninteresting labor of carrying twenty-five pounds on your back along an ordinary dusty country road on a hot August afternoon and seemed very much like work and not at all like a vacation. However, after a few miles of this trudging the monotony was relieved by a "lift" from a passing farmer, who opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment when he was informed that this was not a military expedition, nor a forest survey, nor a detective expedition, nor a couple of escaped convicts or more likely lunatics. He seemed slightly doubtful along the way and was probably greatly relieved when he reached his home and saw the two apparently harmless young men trudge on up the road toward the hills.

A short time after this one of the greatest pieces of good fortune of the entire trip befell the travellers. They were overtaken by a young man in a spring wagon whose home was some fifteen or twenty miles up in the hills, and who offered to haul the baggage as far as he

went and also to let the wanderers ride down hill whenever there was any. He proved to be an old O. A. C. foot ball star and thru the fraternal spirit which characterizes college men wherever you find them coupled with a few mutual acquaintances a working basis of good fellowship was soon established.

With the assistance thus gained a distance of twelve or fourteen miles was traversed before bed time. The first night out was spent at a carpenters' camp with some acquaintances. At noon the next day this nineteen-twelve edition of "Innocents Abroad" bade farewell to the kindly disposed "ex-footballist" after having been provided by him with a supply of vension sufficient to last two days, which proved to be the only vension tasted on the entire trip. This was the last outpost of civilized man, as the road from here led thru territory which had once been sparsely inhabited by homesteaders who had later sold out their claims to the timber companies. The only directions were to stay on the road, which was quite sufficient except for those places where the road was not discernible, and such were frequent. It was said that only one buggy had been over the road within the last year.

It took our travelers just six days to tramp from the source to the mouth of the Siuslaw River, the average rate being about fifteen miles per day. It was soon learned that even in this primitive social group specialization was helpful, so instead of each doing everything for himself, there was a division of labor. When a suitable camping place was reached, one always "rustled" the firewood while the other was unpacking the kitchen utensils, which consisted of a frying pan, an erstwhile lard bucket, two tin cups and a wire grate. Then while the latter prepared the evening's repast the

former, who was usually the scout, hunted up a suitable place for the night's repose. This was sometimes in a deserted cabin, sometimes a barn, but more often a level spot along the bank of the river, whose musical rippling was well calculated to lull the weary traveler into the land of dreams, far, far away from the busy cares of the toilsome day. The spot selected was not always as comfortable as might have been desired, especially when it happened to be a barn with scampering rats, a half dozen snoring men and an ultra-ambitious rooster in the loft, and several restless mules and a homesick pup below. These rather tended to offset the advantage of being permitted to "hit the hay" literally for once.

Upon reaching Mapleton which is situated at the head of tidewater the "hikers" laid aside their respective burdens and took the boat to Florence, the port of the Siuslaw. It was found nestling like a sand-burr among the dunes about five miles from the beach, which latter could be reached either by launch or by a laborious trail winding around over sand which was all the way from six inches to sixty feet deep. It was with rather mixed emotions that the little group topped the crest of a hill and saw the briny deep spread before them. It was the "first offense" for the cook and he was not to be gainsaid until he had enjoyed(?) an exhilarating battle with the surf. Old Neptune gave him rather a cool reception, however, and he soon beat a hasty retreat. As there was very little at this place to attract "tourists" our heroes soon had their fill and started for home, taking a shorter route than before. The journey was accomplished in three days, and was without incident except that it rained for two days and a half and that the party got lost once and lost two or three hours valuable time. The last day with home al-

most in sight (also the bottom of the "grub" sack) much better time was made than had been before, twenty-six miles being covered between daylight and dark. At the close of the journey the inventory was as follows: distance covered, one hundred and seventy-five miles; time spent, ten days; commissary department, box of soda and sack of salt; ordnance department, one box cartridges and one piece of artillery; general equipment, complete; physical condition, blistered feet, stone bruise, sprained ankle, spavin, lame back, sore shoulders, burned fingers, and general fatigue to the "nth power"; mental condition, much improved under the tutoring of old Prof. Experience; general idea prevalent that anticipation and recollection are both superior to realization for pure, unalloyed joy; financial statement, —cost per capita for the ten days three dollars and sixty-five cents, balance per capita one cent.

MORAL: If your vacations are so filled with doing the same things over and over, year after year; if you want something new that will be guaranteed to dispel the ennui of idle days; if you are "from Missouri" and have to be "showed," then my advice is, "Try ten days on foot."

M. D. H.



A Typical Artic Experience

(A True Story)

In March of 1910, a government school teacher and his wife thought it would be a good thing to go visiting and broaden out a little by mixing with neighbors and fellow laborers for a few days. As the nearest white people were about fifty miles away calls were not made very often. The teacher told one of the reindeer ap-

prentices, "Onalook," to bring in four good sledge-deer and four sledges on a certain Thursday afternoon, if it did not storm.

Thursday came and found the teacher and his wife all excited. It was a good day! So the "grub" box was packed with baked beans, pilot bread, cocoa and bacon, also a frying pan, tin cups, granite plates, knives, forks and spoons. "Onalook" came about 3:30 p. m. The teacher, his wife and an eskimo girl named "Pok-torn" put on their fur clothing, and tied the sleeping bags and grub-box securely to the sledges and then got on and said the word. The reindeer started at a full run. It was no easy matter to keep the sledges right side up, for there were no roads and the deer would go anywhere over snow or ice that their fancy seemed to direct. The fifty mile trip across the mountains was begun, however, without any mishap except being rolled in a few snow banks and being sent sliding over the ice at a more rapid rate than was entirely comfortable. During the afternoon about twelve miles was covered and then came the stop for the night. An "igloo" (a native cabin) about 10x12x4½ feet, the home of "Mon-iksuk," his wife and three children, proved to be the hotel for the night. The hostess, a brown faced, dirty, old eskimo woman, invited the travelers in and tried to make them feel at home in the one little room. The house was built of split logs covered with moss, dirt and sod with about three feet of snow on the outside. One window, made of the intestine of a seal, covered a hole about two feet square, in the middle of the roof. The only door was not over eighteen inches wide and three feet high. The entry was made of ice and snow and was several feet higher than the floor of the igloo, so that a person had to go down narrow steps cut in the

ice to get to the door of the room. As the teacher's wife started down these steps, her feet slipped and she found herself in the igloo in less time than it takes to tell it. The floor of this native hut consisted of a layer of fine willow brush several inches thick, which had accumulated a large amount of refuge from time to time. Consequently, as the Eskimo knows nothing of ventilation and builds his house practically air tight, the odor of raw flesh, seal oil, etc., was almost unbearable to the white travelers. The sleeping bags and grub-box were taken off of the sledges and the reindeer tethered for the night on the side of the mountain. Poktorn and the teacher's wife having prepared supper all sat down and partook of an enjoyable meal. Their appetites were due, no doubt, to the long ride in the open air rather than to the odor of seal oil and fox meat cooking in the igloo. Sleep being the next thing in order each person got into a fur bag, or wrapped himself in a heavy blanket, and went speedily to the land of rest.

Next morning after a six o'clock breakfast the party set out, with the reindeer at full speed, for the remaining thirty-eight miles of the trip. After traveling about two-thirds of the day, and coming to the summit of a mountain pass, the natives pointed ahead and said they could see the Noatak River. The white members of the party looked far down the side of the mountain and saw what seemed to be a strip of blue water in the valley. They could not understand why the river was not frozen, for the thermometer registered about thirty degrees below zero. Upon going farther down the mountain it was soon discovered that what looked like water was a belt of evergreen trees extending up and down the valley.

The trip as a whole was uneventful until the Noatak

reindeer camp was reached. This was about two miles from the destination. There the sledge deer were changed. Two of the new deer were not used to working together. Both wanted to be leaders. First they ran in a big circle, and tipped the sledges over, then after the teacher and his wife got straightened up and the sledges righted, the following deer decided he would not go, so he braced himself and snapped the lead rope, with which he was fastened to the sledge ahead, and away he went back down the hill to the reindeer camp. He gave the teacher's wife a jolly fast ride for about forty rods, when the trace broke, the sledge turned over and she found herself sitting in the snow. She picked herself up and running soon caught up with her husband who had stopped his deer and they both rode on the same sledge the remainder of the journey.

The destination was reached about eight o'clock that evening and great was the surprise of the friends who welcomed the weary travelers. Thus ended the first cross country run with reindeer!!

V. M. Y. '15



Basket Ball Schedule

At	P. C.	McM.	P. U.	Chemawa	
P. C.		Jan. 10	Feb. 8	Feb. 14	Mt. Angel at P. C. Mar. 1
McM.	Feb. 21		Jan. 17	Mar. 1	P. C. at Albany Jan. 31 ?
P. U.	Feb. 28	Feb. 15		Jan. 24	P. C. at Philomath Feb. 1 ?
Chemawa	Dec. 20	Jan. 31	Feb. 21		Philomath at P. C. Jan. 16 ?

Athletics

Another league meeting of the Willamette Valley Basket Ball League was held at McMinnville Saturday, December 14. Arthur Benson and Olin Hadley attended as delegates from P. C. Philomath was dropped from the league on account of the expense incurred in making this trip. Philomath will probably play McMinnville, P. U. and P. C. if arrangements can be made to play these three games on one trip. Grilley, of the Portland Y. M. C. A., has been hired to select the referees for the different league games.

MT. ANGEL VS PACIFIC COLLEGE

On Friday, December 13, the basket ball team played their first game with the strong Mt. Angel quintet. The first half was won by Mt. Angel, our team not being used to the floor. However the second half they came back determined to win but were only successful in tying the score. This was played off and in the first few minutes of hard fast play Mt. Angel succeeded in throwing a basket making the score, Mt. Angel 25, P. C. 23. Scholz was the star for Mt. Angel while Parker did good work for P. C.

CHEMAWA VS PACIFIC

On Friday evening, December 20, the gymnasium was crowded to its full seating capacity when the home quintet played the fast Chemawa five in the first league game of the season. The support of the students from the grand stand was excellent, and yell-master M. G. Elliott is to be commended on the splendid manner in which he handled his part of the evening's work.

The play started with considerable vim, and the whole first half was exceptionally fast. The Indians

started the scoring by securing two goals soon after play began, and Pacific soon followed with two more. From that time on it was an even fight and anybody's game, as far as the score would indicate. The half ended with the score 12-13 in Chemawa's favor. The score kept nearly even in the second half, and no one knew at any time who was liable to be winner. Considerable dissatisfaction was manifested when the second period was over because the score board announced the score as 22-21 in Pacific's favor while the referee ruled that the count was 21-21. During the remaining five minutes of play, the Indians made 6 points to Pacific's 1, and the final score was 27-22.

For the home team, Gulley was easily the star. His playing was spectacular, and he is showing himself to be a fast man and a good point winner. Butt, at guard, showed remarkable ability. For the Indians, Clemmens and Jim were the best men.

Grilley, of the Portland Y. M. C. A., was referee.



Y. W. C. A. Notes

The prayer meeting of November twenty-seventh was truly a Thanksgiving meeting being the first meeting held in the room newly furnished for the Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Myres, who has spent four years as a missionary in Alaska, talked to the girls in regular prayer meetings December fourth and eleventh. Both talks were very interesting. We were made to feel the conditions and needs of the Eskimos of the far north as well as their eagerness and desire for knowledge.

Mrs. J. C. Hodson and little daughter visited Y. W. C. A. prayer meeting December fourth.

THE CRESCENT.

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Show "Where you are isn't what counts; it is
Your Worth what you are doing there." We often
hear the subject of the large school versus
the small school debated, and it is found that both sides
have their good points, but we must all acknowledge
that the main essential is the person and not the school.
If one has the right material in him and uses it in the
right way he is bound to "make good." "You can't
keep a good man down" is an old saying, but it is true
nevertheless. One owes it to himself as well as to his
school to show his worth. Do not "hide your light
under a bushel."



The True If one could always get the side of a debate
Debater question that he wanted, the spirit of the
school debate would soon be lost. Just be-

cause one advocates a certain side of a debate in a school debate is not saying that he is arguing from his own personal opinion. The true debater will accept the side of the question allotted to him, whether it is to his liking or not and work harder than ever to build up an argument that cannot be torn down.



Y. M. C. A. Notes

The Y. M. C. A. has joined with the girls' association to resume the prayer meetings on Monday noon as they were held last year and the common opinion seems to be that they are very helpful in keeping up a stronger spirit in our associations. There has been an increase in attendance at each meeting, showing that they are gaining in favor.

The books on the Chinese Revolution and on the Challenge of the Country have arrived and these two Mission Study classes are to start soon.

Posters have lately been received announcing the coming state convention at Forest Grove. The chief attraction will doubtless be Fred B. Smith's addresses. He is one of the leaders in the Men and Religion movement and to anyone who has been watching this great work or who knows much of Mr. Smith, this one feature will be a strong inducement to attend the conference. We are hoping to send a large delegation.



Locals

Several members of the faculty viewed nature's wonders during the Thanksgiving holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Lewis and Miss Sutton went to

Newport to see the Pacific, while Miss Beck reported that she had an excellent view of Mt. Hood from Gresham.

Those interested in Prohibition have formed a class for the study of the liquor question. Mr. Moomaw, the state secretary, visited the officers of the college league a short time Friday, the thirteenth.

The Freshmen and Sophomores were very pleasantly entertained at a "Spider Web" party at the home of Pres. and Mrs. Pennington on the evening of the thirteenth.

Oration time is drawing near and many of the students are busy writing their productions. The final try out for the state contest is to be on the last Friday of January.

Social Committee Chairman—"How about the pies?"

Committee—"They are all engaged."

M. D. H.—"I wish I were a pie."

C. E. Hadley, of Portland, and C. C. Scott, of Salem, a brother and cousin respectively of Olin C. Hadley, were visitors during the Thanksgiving holidays.

A number of the boys of the basket ball squad have been limping around school lately. Emmett Gulley, Paul Mills and "Fitch" Benson are on this list.

Rene Owen has been out of school for two weeks on account of a sprained ankle.

Mr. Whitely's Old Testament History class meets every Thursday evening after school. Nearly thirty members have been enrolled.

Florence Calkins has been out of school on account of sickness.

Our team plays at McMinnville January 10.

Mr. York exhibited a number of articles used by the Alaskans which he had gathered while in Alaska as a Government teacher.

Thursday, the nineteenth, the chapel period was given over to the boys for a boosters meeting. Enthusiastic speeches were made by the following: Olin Hadley, president of the Athletic Association; Harry Harworth, captain of the team; Russell Parker, manager; Prof. Lewis, coach; Meade Elliott, yell leader; and Prof. Hawkins. As a result of this meeting a large crowd will see the Chemawa game.

Calva Martin '98 and wife, returned missionaries from Alaska, spoke in chapel December 3.

H. H. and L. D. think that a pompadour is most becoming to their style of beauty. They say it is easy to train if a band is worn around the hair at night. Borax has also been recommended.

The dorm girls sometimes consider electricity a nuisance, especially when all the lights on their floor go out in the midst of their preparations for breakfast, making it necessary for them to dress by the light of a candle, a searchlight and a kerosene lamp.

Pres. Pennington went to Eugene last Thursday to give an address before the Y. M. C. A. of that place.

The loyalty of the home town to P. C. has again made itself manifest in the presentation of built-in shelves for the library stack room. Plans and specifications were drawn up by Thos. R. Rude, lumber furnished by the Spaulding Logging Co., hardware and wood furnished by D. A. Hart, Newberg Hardware Co. and Larkin-Prince Hardware Co., and the carpenter work by Thos. Rude, Walter Terrel, Clifford Terrel, Allen Smith, Jno. Haworth, Milo Elliott and Thos. Miles.

Don't forget that school starts December 31.

The musical department of the college has given two public recitals this month. The attendance at the music recitals is greater than that of last year.

The Crescent wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



Exchanges

Comet, Milwaukee: All departments seem good. The article entitled "The Coffin Nail" is certainly to the point. But why scatter the advertising thru the paper?

The Argus, though small, contains good material well arranged.

Collegian—Neat and attractive. But where are your stories?

The November issue of the Philomath College Chimes contains a good defense of college athletics.

News—Stories good, though short. Paper seems complete in every way.

Vindex—Don't you think an exchange department would be an addition to your paper, and a help to others?

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,
And watched with expressions pained
The milkman's stunts and both said at once,
"Our relations are getting strained."—Ex.

You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how hard you soak it.—Ex.

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maude Muller standing still;
But he got no encouragement from Maude
She did not believe in the recall of the Judiciary.—Ex.

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